

"I will cut the tree off below me!"  
 I look of them unconscious to appear  
 confident and put on a bold front,  
 but it is very evident, they are very  
 much depressed, at their fortitude.  
 They know their losses, defeats and  
 that our army is increasing daily,  
 theirs is decreasing rapidly in  
 numbers. We have plenty to eat, they  
 have not, by their own acknowledg-  
ments. My friend, the Major, informed  
 me that they had over ten thousand  
 citizens, while in this city, daily  
 I heard him remark, to a lady, in reply  
 to some inquiry of hers, about where  
 they would go what they would do,  
 "Madam, God only knows, we cannot  
 spare much more, and winter is  
 approaching!" It is indeed a poor  
 prospect for the citizens of the  
 South, and untold suffering will be  
 felt among them, and is already  
 manifesting itself. Everything is stagnant  
 for the Army, what's left, the  
 citizens keep. They expressed no desire to get rebel  
 men from us, but were anxious to  
 get "Grant's", and they lay it by,  
 as the Major says, "for a rainy day".

I could get unloaded. We mingled  
 freely with their officers and covered  
 our talk with their officers, including  
 I for the a portion of the time was  
 the only Confederate Officer with them  
 and an rebel steward for with some  
 ten or a dozen Confederate officers.  
 I spent the week of Wednesday morning.  
 We played "Whist", Quadrille and  
 had a very pleasant time generally.  
 They were very courteous and polite,  
 and studiously avoided mention of  
 anything that might give offense  
 to me. It was indeed a strange  
 sight to see the Blue and Grey, laughing  
 & chatting away, as if old friends.  
 It looked stranger however to see  
 rebel soldiers on duty, armed and  
 equipped, facing their hosts. By  
 invitation I dined with them, at  
 the same time I gave them some sugar  
 & coffee, which I assure you were  
 acceptable, for they had none at all  
 (as far as I could see). We had corn  
bread and some mutton, which formed  
 our dinner. By force of circumstances  
 they live very plainly. Their officers  
 were in full dress & looked very  
 trim in their suits of grey, which

Quarter-Masters Department,  
 85th, IND. VOL. INFANTRY.  
 Atlanta, Georgia, September 23<sup>rd</sup> 1864.

My dear Mother,  
 As I have told you  
 in my previous letters, we have  
 had for arrangement for 16 days for  
 the purpose of sending the rebel  
 families into the rebel lines.  
 As the morning of the 28th inst  
 I doctor charged off the Division  
 train down South for Dixie, I had  
 108 wagons loaded to the bows with  
 household kitchen furniture and the  
 immovables of the house. We went  
 to Rough and Ready Station, on the  
 Macon R.R. where we met the  
 Staff of Jones and the rebel troops.  
 As we hurried them down so fast  
 the rebels could not keep up with  
 their share of the task, to receive  
 them from us, so that I had to  
 spend two days with them before

were apparently new, but the new did  
 not bear the appearance of soldiers,  
 their uniform being of a light clay  
 color and of coarse texture, & the  
 shoes for iron.  
 In company with a Confed Officer  
 I witnessed their guard mounting  
 & them drilling their pickets.  
 They all seem anxious to leave the  
 news from the East, and just before  
 we left them I read them Secy  
 Stanton's despatch to Gen Sherman of  
 Gen Sheridan's victory, which I had  
 just received. From one of our  
 officers, they looked very doleful  
 and one asked me "What you have  
 that officially?" - I assured them it  
 might be of interest to them. Among their  
 number was one Major Mason of  
 Hoods staff, who is a regular old  
 "hale fellow, well met", jolly, free  
 & easy always, and is so considered  
 I should judge, by their officers, for  
 he seemed to be the leading spirit  
 when he heard it, he remarked, "I  
 knew there was something up, no mail  
 for several days, and continued  
 'Well go the gulf, and climb a pine tree',  
 what the Major, I asked,

Quarter-Masters Department,  
 85<sup>th</sup>, IND. VOL. INFANTRY.  
 Atlanta Georgia, September 23<sup>rd</sup> 1864.

My dear Mother,

As I have told you  
in my previous letters, we have  
had an armistise for 10 days, for  
the purpose of sending the rebel  
families into the rebel lines,  
On the morning of the 20<sup>th</sup> [-ish?]  
I took charge of the Division  
I am bound South for Dixie. I had  
108 wagons loaded to the bows with  
household & kitchen furniture and the  
inmates of the house. We went  
to Rough and Ready Station, on the  
Macon R. R. when we met the  
Flag of Truce and the rebel troops  
As we hurried them down so fast  
the rebs could not keep up with  
their share of the tasks, to receive  
them from us. so that I had to  
spend two days with them before

I could get unloaded. We mingled  
freely with their officers and conversed  
on all matters, politics inclusive  
I for ~~the~~ a portion of the time was  
the only Federal Officer with them,  
and at rebel Head Qrs with some  
ten or a dozen Confederate officers  
I spent the most of Wednesday morning,  
We played "Whist," "Eucre" and  
had a very pleasant time generally  
They were very courteous and polite,  
and studiously avoided mention of  
anything that might give offence  
to me. It was indeed a strange  
sight to see the Blue and Grey, laughing  
& chatting away, as if old friends.  
It looked stranger however to see  
rebel soldiers on duty, armed and  
equiped, pacing their beats. By  
invitation I dined with them, at  
the same time I gave them some sugar  
& coffee, which I assure you was  
acceptable, for they had none at all  
(as far as I could see) We had corn  
bread and some mutton, which formed  
our dinner, By force of circumstances  
they live very plainly. Their officers  
were in full dress & looked very  
trim in their suit of grey, which

were apparently new, but the men did not bear the appearance of soldiers, Their uniform being of a light clay color and of coarse texture, & the worse for wear.

In company with a Confed officer I witnessed their guard mounting & them relieving their pickets.

They all seem anxious to learn the news from the East, and just before we left them I read them Sec'y Stanton's despatch to Gen Sherman, of Gen Sheridan's victory, which I had just received from one of our officers. They looked very doleful and one asked me "Lieut. you have that officially"? I assured them it might be relied on. Among their number was one Major Mason of Hood's Staff who is a regular old "hale fellow, well met", jolly, face & easy always, and is so considered I should judge, by their officers, for he seemed to be the leading spirit, When he heard it, he remarked "I knew there was something up, no mail for several days", and continued "I'll go the gulf, and climb a persimmon tree"! What then Major, I asked,

"I will cut the tree off below me!

Most of them endeavored to appear confident and put on a bold front, but it is very evident, they are very much depressed, at their prospects, They know their losses, defeats and that our army is increasing daily, theirs is decreasing rapidly in numbers. We have plenty to eat, they have not, by their own acknowledgements, My friend, the Major, informed me that they fed over ten thousand citizens, while in this city, daily.

I heard him remark, to a lady, in reply to some inquiry of hers, about where they would go & what they would do, - "Madam, God only knows, we cannot spare much now, and winter is approaching!" It is indeed a fearful prospect for the citizens of the South, and untold suffering will be felt among them, and is already manifesting itself. Everything is taken for the Army, what is left, the citizens keep.

They expressed no desire to get rebel money from us, but were anxious to get "greenbacks", and they lay it by as the Major says, "for a rainy day"